

MODESTY BLAISE

by Peter O'Donnell and Jim Holdaway

• The Magnified Man 1236-1349



MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

AS THE CAR
DRAWS
NEARER
ON THE
ROAD
BELOW



A CAR SPEEDS THROUGH
A WINDING GORGE
IN THE TAUN AREA
OF FRANCE



AND EIGHTY FEET
ABOVE THE ROAD...

BE READY,
JULES...



A HUGE SHADOW
MOVES ON THE
HEIGHTS ABOVE
THE GORGE,
AND THE GREAT
BOULDER IS
SWUNG HIGH IN THE AIR



GOOD... NOW
WAIT FOR THE
WORD



MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

TWO GREAT
ARMS HOLD
THE BOULDER
POISED HIGH...



THEN IT IS HURLED
CLEAR OF THE BRINK
AND PLUMMETS
DOWN TO THE
ROAD BELOW



MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

THE TANGLED
WRECKAGE
OF THE CAR
BURNS OUT



AND ABOVE...

WE WON'T BE
MAKING HIS
REPORT

VERY
WELL DONE,
JULES—GO
HOME NOW
AND GET A
GOOD NIGHT'S
SLEEP



TWO HUNDRED MILES AWAY,
SIR GERALD TARRANT SPENDS
A BRIEF HOLIDAY WITH
MODESTY BLAISE AND WILLIE
GARVIN AT THEIR VILLA ON
THE BASQUE COAST

WILLIE... 'MMM...?



MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL



AFTER THAT SWIM... THAT MEAL... THIS CESTA... I'M IN SUCH A STATE OF BLISS... THAT I MIGHT BE TRANSLATED ANY MOMENT, WILLIE

TRANSLATED...?



M'MMM... YOU KNOW, CARRIED UP TO HEAVEN IN A CHARIOT OF FIRE

IF IT CAN BE POSTPONED, SIR GERALD, I HAD OTHER PLANS FOR THIS AFTERNOON--



--PELOTA

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by PETER O'DONNELL



I'VE NEVER SEEN A GAMB OF PELOTA

I THINK YOU ENJOY IT, SIR GERALD...

IT'S ONE OF THE TOUGHEST, FASTEST BALL GAMES IN THE WORLD

SO I'VE HEARD-- WHAT DO THEY CALL THAT LONG BASKET WORN ON THE HAND?



CESTA... YOU CAN REALLY THROW WITH ONE OF THOSE-- THEY USE UP EIGHT BALLS IN THE GAME



MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

FARRANT IS FASCINATED BY THE PELOTA MATCH...



AMAZING RANGE AND VELOCITY THEY GET WITH THE CESTA

THERE WAS A BLOKE IN CORBEAU'S MOB WHO PLAYED PELOTA... FIVE YEARS BACK, BEFORE THEY GOT CLEANED UP...



BIG FELLER, BUT THICK AS A PLANK... WHAT WAS HIS NAME NOW? RULES SOMETHING...

WILLIE LOVE WE'RE ON HOLIDAY

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by PETER O'DONNELL



I ENJOYED THAT IMMENSELY

GOOD--LET'S HAVE A DRINK TILL THE CROWD'S GONE, I DON'T FANCY SITTING IN A QUEUE OF CARS



'ALLO! SMALL WORLD, DENISE



WILLIE'S RUN INTO SOMEBODY...

ATTRACTIVE, TOO, BUT I DON'T KNOW HER--IF I KEPT TRACK OF HIS GIRL--FRIENDS I'D NEED A DIRECTORY

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by PETER O'DONNELL



WELL...! NICE BUMPING INTO YOU AGAIN, DENISE--COME AND HAVE A DRINK

THAT IS NOT MY NAME AND I DO NOT KNOW YOU, M'SIEU



WHO IS YOUR FRIEND, LYSETTE?

A TOURIST BEING STUPID--IT'S NOTHING, ANDRE



MY MISTAKE... I DIDN'T SEE THE YOUNG LADY WITH FRIENDS--SORRY

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by PETER O'DONNELL



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**TARRANT AND VAUBOIS SPEAK
CRYPTICALLY OVER THE
OPEN LINE**

I THINK A MAJOR OPERATION
MAY BE CALLED FOR, GERALD—I
SHALL FLY DOWN TO JOIN YOU
AT ONCE



GOOD—I'M RATHER
WORRIED ABOUT
COMPLICATIONS... BUT
YOU'LL BE GLAD TO KNOW
THAT MY HOSTESS IS
KEEPING A CAREFUL
EYE ON YOUR
PATIENT



IT'S A GREAT RELIEF
YOUR HOSTESS
IS A VERY
EXPERIENCED
NURSE

I'LL BE
WITH YOU IN
A FEW HOURS,
GERALD

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

IN A HOTEL BAR

THAT TOURIST
CALLED YOU
'RENE'—I THINK?
VERY
STRANGE...

ALL
TOURISTS
ARE STRANGE,
ESPECIALLY
THIS ENGLISH



MODESTY PRESSES THE
HEAVY PENDANT TO
HER THROAT AND
SPEAKS IN THE
SOFTEST WHISPER

They're not
leaving her alone
for a moment.
Willie—no chance
to get a word
with her



...it doesn't
look good
they suspect
her all
right

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

**AS A NEW BARMAN
COMES ON DUTY...**

TWENTY
GITHANS



They're still just sitting
here. Willie—seem to be
waiting for something or
someone, but nobody's
made contact yet



SO IT IS HARD TO BELIEVE THAT LITTLE
LYBBETTE IS FALSE. BUT I WILL TAKE NO
CHANCES. KILL HER, ANDRE...
TONIGHT, AT THE COURSE
DES VACHES, WOULD BE A
GOOD OPPORTUNITY

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

**VAUBOIS ARRIVES AT MODESTY'S
VILLA**

VERY BIG
—AND
IMMINENT



MODESTY WOULD WANT ME
TO OFFER YOU A DRINK—
COGNAC,
ISN'T IT?

A SMALL ONE,
PLEASE... YOU'VE
HAD NO WORD
FROM THEN YET,
GERALD?



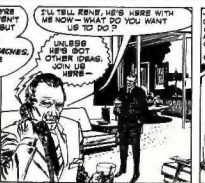
GET PARKED
AND BUY THE
SEATS WHILE
I PHONE,
WILLIE

RIGHT

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by PETER O'DONNELL

THIS GIRL'S ON THE SPOT, WE'RE
SURE OF IT NOW—THEY HAVEN'T
TOUCHED HER YET, BUT
WE'VE TRILLED
THEM TO THE
COURSE DES VACHES,
JUST OUTSIDE
TOWN



I'LL TELL REINE, HE'S HERE WITH
ME NOW—WHAT DO YOU WANT
US TO DO?

UNLESS
HE'S GOT
OTHER IDEAS,
JOIN US
HERE—



—THE TWO
OF US CAN'T
GIVE HER
ADEQUATE
COVER IN
THIS
GROUND

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

WHERE ARE THEY, WILLIE?

FAR SIDE—
NO SEATS LEFT
THERE... THIS WAS
THE BEST I
COULD MANAGE

MUSIC BLARES, AND THE
COURSE DES VACHES BEGINS
—A DUEL BETWEEN MAN AND
BULL, IN WHICH ONLY THE
MAN, UNARMED, IS AT
RISK.

SHE MUST KNOW
SHE'S ONLY ONE
STEP FROM TROUBLE,
PRINCESS—I RECKON
SHE MIGHT MAKE A
BREAK FOR IT IF
SHE KNEW WE WERE
AROUND TO 'BLP

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

THERE'S ONE WAY WE MIGHT GET
A MESSAGE TO DENISE...

THEY HAVE A FREE-FOR-ALL
IN THE RING SOON, DON'T
THEY?

YES—
AFTER THE
CLOWNS

UNDRESSED AND
FIFTY FRANC FOR
WHOMVER GETS
THE ROSETTE
OFF THE BULL'S
'EAD

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

ANOTHER ITEM
IN THE
COURSE DES
VACHES

WHEN IT COMES TO THE FREE-FOR-ALL,
WE'VE GOT TO GET THE ROSETTE
OFF THE BULL'S HEAD,
WILLIE

RIGHT— BUT THE
BLOKES WITH
DENISE'LL RECOGNISE
ME

IT CAN'T BE HELPED, SO
WE'LL MAKE USE OF IT—
KEEP UP YOUR ROMEO ROLE
AND THROW HER THE ROSETTE
... BUT WITH THIS
MESSAGE HIDDEN
IN IT

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

...AND NOW THE
RING IS OPEN TO
ALL THE BRAVE
YOUNG GENTLEMEN—
OR LADIES!—
WHO WISH TO
TRY THEIR
SKILL

THE DANGEROUS ROMP
BEGINNING, AND A BULL WITH
LIGHTLY PADDED HORNS
CHARGES FROM ONE
TARGET TO ANOTHER

DAMN
THIS
SHIRT...

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

RUNNING
OBITUARILY
FROM THE BULL'S
CHARGE,
MODESTY TRIES
FOR THE ROSETTE
... AND MISSES

HE'S LIVELY...
YOU GET HIS
HEAD DOWN,
WILLIE, I'LL
STAND BY TO
COMB IN FOR
THE ROSETTE

RIGHT

MODESTY BLAISE

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL



MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL



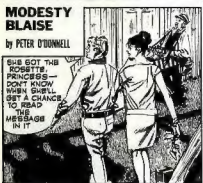
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THE MAGNIFIED MAN

MODESTY BLAISE

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HAUBOS AND TARRANT HEAD FOR THE COURSE DES VACHES

I TAKE IT WE'RE DEALING WITH PEOPLE WHO KILL, RENE?

FOR THE SMALLEST REASON...



...ARE MODESTY AND I WEAPON ARMED?

NOT YET— BUT I'VE BROUGHT THEIR HARDWARE ALONG



IN THE BIG CAR-PARK

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU TONIGHT, ANDRE? THIS ISN'T THE WAY TO THE CAR!

WE HAVE A LITTLE JOB TO DO FIRST...



MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

DENISE ROUELLE, DEUXIEME BUREAU AGENT, KNOWS AT LAST THAT HER DEATH HAS BEEN ORDERED— AND TAKES ACTION



TWENTY PAGES AWAY, BEHIND A RANK OF CARS, MODESTY HEARS THE SOUND OF A FALL... AND A SMOTHERED CRY



MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

A THIN, PIERCING WHISTLE CALLED WILLIE GARVIN...

AS THE SILENCED GUN COMES OUT—



ANDRE GOES DOWN... BUT IN THE SAME MOMENT THE LONG KNIFE STABS HOME

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

THE KNIFE-MAN COMES IN SMOOTHLY, EXPERTLY...



A FEINT, A LUNGE, AND —

WILLIE GARVIN COMES RACING THROUGH THE RANKS OF PARKED CARS

MODESTY'S GOT 'EM... BUT THEY'VE GOT DENISE!



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by PETER O'DONNELL

SHE'S BEEN KNIFED, WILLIE

I'LL GO TO HER— GET THAT ONE!

RIGHT!

WILLIE...

HE WON'T BE LONG— I'M A FRIEND, DENISE

OH MY GOD, IT'S BAD...



MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

THE KILLER ZIGZAGS THROUGH THE LINES OF CARS IN FRANTIC FLIGHT



MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

VAUBOIS DRIVES THROUGH THE CAR PARK... THEN BRAKES HARD AS FOR A BRIEF MOMENT THE HEADLIGHTS PICK OUT A CHILLING SCENE



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by PETER O'DONNELL

THEY GOT TO DENISE WITH A KNIFE... I'M SORRY, RENE... MODESTY'S WITH 'ER NOW



MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

IS SHE ALIVE? ONLY JUST, WE'VE GOT TO GET HER TO HOSPITAL, RENE - HAVE YOU BEEN WILLIE?



MODESTY BLAISE

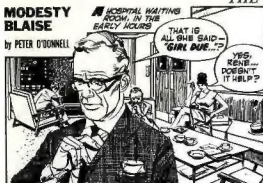
by PETER O'DONNELL

LAYING ON THE BACK SEAT OF MODESTY'S CAR, DENISE ROUSES BRIEFLY FROM UNCONSCIOUSNESS



MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL



HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM, IN THE EARLY HOURS

THAT IS ALL SHE SAID - "GIRL DUE..."

YES, RENE... DOESN'T IT HELP?



IT MEANS NOTHING TO ME... I WAS HOPEING SHE MIGHT HAVE GIVEN SOME HINT OF CERTAIN PLANS FOR A BULLION ROBBERY

WHOSE PLANS?



HERR BLIKE? I BELIEVE

HERR BLIKE? BLIMEY, THEN YOU'VE GOT TROUBLE, RENE

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL



IT SEEMS I SHOULD KNOW OF THIS, HERR BLIKE, BUT -

IT'S CRIME, ESPIONAGE, SIR G.

YES... HE IS A VERY SUBTLE OPERATOR, VERY SHADOWNY... FEW KNOW WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE, BUT HE HAS BROUGHT OFF SOME REMARKABLE COUPS

HOW DO YOU COME TO BE INVOLVED OUTSIDE YOUR FIELD, RENE?



THE THEFT OF THIRTEEN MILLION FRANCS IN GOLD BULLION WAS STRONG POLITICAL ASPECTS, MODESTY... AND I AM SURE YOU KNOW THAT THE DEUXIEME BUREAU STRUCTURE HAS ALTERED SOMEWHAT



MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL



FRANCE IS CONVERTING CURRENCY TO GOLD ON A LARGE SCALE... AND IN LESS THAN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS A CONSIGNMENT WILL BE TRANSPORTED BY TRAIN FROM MARSEILLES TO PARIS

SOME WEEKS AGO, DENISE ROUELLE PICKED UP A CHANCE HINT THAT AN ATTEMPT WOULD BE MADE ON THE BULLION EN ROUTE



SHE PURSUED THE LEAD, INFILTRATED THE FRINGES OF THE GROUP INVOLVED, AND -

RENE

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by PETER O'DONNELL



WELL... THE YOUNG LADY IS STILL ALIVE, AND WE ARE DOING ALL THAT WE CAN, M'GIEU

CAN SHE TALK?



IF SHE LIVES, SHE MAY REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS IN A FEW DAYS - THAT IS THE BEST YOU CAN HOPE FOR



Too late for her to tell anything, if Herr Blaise is going to pull the job within forty-eight hours

Yes... I was going she'd finger 'im for us

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by PETER O'DONNELL



AT MODESTY'S VILLA...

YOU'RE WELCOME TO STAY FOR WHAT'S LEFT OF THE NIGHT, RENE



IT WOULD SUIT ME VERY WELL - TOMORROW I MUST MOVE TO THE TEMPORARY H.Q. I HAVE SET UP AT VIENNE



D'YOU WANT TO TELL US ABOUT THIS BULLION SNATCH? WE MIGHT FIGURE SOMETHING FOR YOU IF WE KNEW THE SCORE

MODESTY BLAISE

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

THERE IS NOT MUCH TO TELL... A SPECIAL TRAIN, CARRYING THE BULLION, WILL TRAVEL TO PARIS BY A CIRCUITOUS ROUTE...

GET A MAP PLEASE, WILLIE LOVE

THERE WILL BE ARMED GUARDS ON THE TRAIN - SOME TRAVELLING WITH THE GOLD ITSELF IN A CARRIAGE WITH STEEL WALLS

SOUNDS SECURE ENOUGH - WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF?

OF HERR BILKE - HE IS RUTHLESS, DARING, AND HAS GREAT IMAGINATION

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

I ONLY KNOW HERR BILKE BY HEARSAY, BUT I'M IMPRESSED... WILL YOU GUARD THE ROUTE OF THE BULLION TRAIN?

I HAVEN'T AN ARMY, MODESTY - BUT I SHALL GUARD THE FEW STRETCHES WHERE ATTACK IS POSSIBLE

HERE IS THE ROUTE... BUT TO CARRY AWAY TWO TONS OF GOLD CALLS FOR GOOD TRANSPORT FACILITIES, SO NO ATTEMPT WOULD BE MADE IN A MOUNTAIN AREA OR IN AN AREA OF HEAVY TRAFFIC

YB-FES... THE PLACE MUST BE REMOTE BUT ACCESSIBLE

UNLESS HERR BILKE HAS A TRICK UP HIS SLEEVES...

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by PETER O'DONNELL

NOON, IN A HOTEL IN ST-JEAN DE LUZ

ANDRE AND JACQUES DEAD? BUT NOW?

TAKE YOUR SEATS GENTLEMEN - STOP TALKING AND SMOKING - AND LISTEN CAREFULLY WHILE I GIVE FINAL INSTRUCTIONS FOR OUR OPERATION

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

HERR BILKE ADDRESSES HIS MEN

LAST NIGHT WE FOUND THAT LYSETTE, AS SHE CALLED HERSELF, WAS A SPY IN OUR LITTLE FAMILY...

WELL, WE CAN'T HAVE THAT SORT OF THING, SO I TOLD ANDRE AND JACQUES TO KILL HER... BUT THEY MET WITH UNEXPECTED INTERFERENCE

THE GIRL ISN'T QUITE DEAD, BUT AT LEAST SHE CAN'T TALK... ON THE OTHER HAND, ANDRE AND JACQUES ARE VERY DEAD INDEED

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by PETER O'DONNELL

DID THE POLICE GET ANDRE AND JACQUES?

NO...

...THEY WERE KILLED BY MODESTY BLAISE AND WILLIE GARVIN - I WAS AT HAND MYSELF, AND RECOGNISED THEM

THEN... OUR OPERATION IS CANCELLED, HERR BILKE?

IT WILL GO THROUGH AS PLANNED, WITH ONE SMALL ADDITION - STAND UP, GRIDOUX

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL



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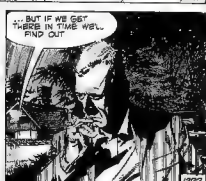
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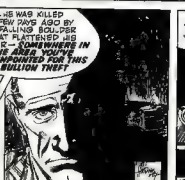
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MODESTY BLAISE

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MODESTY BLAISE

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IN THE EARLY HOURS



THIS IS WHERE YOU LEAVE U.G. S R GERALD—IT'S THE NEAREST VILLAGE TO GLEULE DU LOUP TEN MILES AWAY



LEAVE YOU? BUT—

THERE'S A RADIO IN THE RUCKSACK AND THE FREQUENCY'S SET—WE'LL CALL EVERY HALF HOUR TO REPORT PROGRESS



HURRY IT UP, GIRL—FROM WHAT VALBOIS SAID ABOUT THE SCHEDULE I RECKON THAT BULLION TRA N OUGHT TO BE COMING THROUGH THIS AREA IN ABOUT TWO HOURS

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL



YOU SAID I COULD COME ALONG WITH YOU, MODESTY

YOU HAVE THIS FAR—BUT WE WANT SOMEBODY HERE—STENING OUT ON THE RADIO, IN CASE THINGS GO WRONG... THEN YOU CAN RING REEF VALBOIS



AND... WE HAVE TO MOVE FAST THROUGH VERY ROUGH COUNTRY TO REACH GLEULE DU LOUP



IF I WERE HALF MY AGE... AH WELL, IT'S BETTER TO ROUSE MINE HOST AND PRETEND I'M A BENIGNATED TRAVELER ON A WALKING TOUR

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL



ON FOOT THE REST OF THE WAY, WILLIE

YEAH... WE STILL GOT ABOUT AN HOUR AND A HALF BEFORE THE TRAIN'S DUE



THAT'S IF I'VE DONE ME GUNS RIGHT

YOU USUALLY DO... WE'LL CALL TARRANT IN TEN MINUTES, HE OUGHT TO BE SET UP BY NOW



ANOTHER CAR, SHOWING NO LIGHTS, HALTS TWO HUNDRED YARDS AWAY... AND GRIDDOUX SWITCHES ON HIS TRANSMITTER

GRIDDOUX CALLING...

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL



IN A BIG NATURAL CAVE NEAR GLEULE DU LOUP...

YOU WANT US TO CARRY GRENADES, HERR BLIKE?

TWO APICES...



... TO BE USED ONLY IN AN EMERGENCY, ON MY ORDERS



N KKKI... GO AND LISTEN OUT FOR GRIDDOUX

POOR GRIDDOUX—WALB WE ARE DOING THE JOB HE MUST WATCH BLAISE AND SARVIN DO NOTHING!

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL



NEXT TIME HERR BLIKE COMES I WILL ASK HIM TO BRING A NEW CESTA FOR ME, AND NEW BALL

YOU WON'T HAVE TO STAY ON HERE AFTER TONIGHT, JULES—THE JOB WILL BE OVER



WHAT DO YOU WANT A NEW CESTA FOR, ANYWAY? IT'S TEN YEARS SINCE YOU WERE IN THE CHAMPIONSHIPS

I STILL PLAY PELOTA GOOD!



EVEN HERE, WHERE NOBODY LIVES, I PLAY ALONE... WITH THE MOUNTAIN FOR A WALL...

SHUT UP! GRIDDOUX IS COMING THROUGH WITH SOMETHING!

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

WHERE ARE YOU AT THE MOMENT BR DOLK?

FOUR MILES FROM YOU - AS CLOSE AS I CAN GET BY CAR...

MODESTY BLAISE

BLAISE AND GARYN KNOW SOMETHING, HERE'S BLAISE - THEY ARE HERE! I FOLLOWED THEM FROM ST JEAN - THEY ARE HEAD NG N YOUR DIRECTION ON FOOT NOW

WHICH WAY, PRINCESS?

BEAR LEFT - WE'LL MAKE FOR WHERE THE RAILWAY PASSES OVER THE GORGE, AND CAST BACK FROM THERE

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

WE GOING RIGHT DOWN TO THE RAILWAY, PRINCESS?

THAT'S WHERE BILKE AND HIS MEN WILL BE BUT I WANT TO SEE THEM BEFORE THEY SEE US

IN THE CAVE...

TO REACH THE RAILWAY THERE IS ONLY ONE TRACK THEY CAN FOLLOW... GOOD, WE HAVE AMPLE TIME TO WELCOME THEM

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

ROUTINE REPORT - NOTHING SO FAR SIR GERALD

I'M GLAD TO HEAR FROM YOU - LET AFTER YOU DROPPED ME OFF A CAR WENT THROUGH THE VILLAGE, SHOWING NO LIGHTS

IT MIGHT MEAN NOTHING - BUT WE'LL WATCH OUR BACKS AND REPORT AGAIN IN THIRTY MINUTES

ALL RIGHT, MY DEAR - AND IF YOU DON'T?

WE MAY BE TOO BUSY... BUT IF WE MISS TWO TRANSMISSIONS, CALL REINE VAUBOIS

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

WE'LL DROP DOWN TO THE VALLEY WHERE THE RAILWAY RUNS...

WHEN WE GET A LITTLE CLOSER YOU FALL BACK AND COVER ME IN CASE WE RUN INTO A LOOK-OUT, WILLIE

SURE, PRINCESS

YOU MAKE AN EXCELLENT TARGET FOR LG, MISS BLAISE - DON'T ATTEMPT ANYTHING DRAMATIC

THEY WERE LYING FOR US...!

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

YOU HAVE THREE SHOTGUNS COVERING YOU - UNPLEASANT WEAPONS AT CLOSE RANGE...

THERE IS NO TARGET TO BE SEEN... AND THE VOICE FROM THE DARKNESS CONTINUES

I SUGGEST YOU PUT DOWN YOUR GUN VERY CAREFULLY, MISS BLAISE - THE SAME WITH YOUR KNIVES, GARYN

Can't get a sight on any of 'em!

IT'S THEIR CALL FOR THE MOMENT, WILLIE...

AS MODESTY LAYS DOWN HER GUN HER OTHER HAND PUSHES THE LITTLE TRANSCIVER UNDER THE EDGE OF A ROCK

THE MAGNIFIED MAN

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

LET'S DO THIS VERY CAREFUL...N KK. YOU HOLD A SHOTGUN AT BLAISE'S BACK WHILE PAUL TIES GARVIN UP

TWO MINUTES LATER...

IT'S MY OWN SYSTEM...IF YOU'RE COOL ENOUGH TO STRUGGLE, YOU THROTTLE YOURSELF

AH, OUR GOOD GRIDOUX, WHO TALKED YOU SO CLEVERLY FROM ST. JEAN

You could hardly watch your mirror at the speed you brought us here. Willie...

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

YOU HAVE A GREATER REPUTATION THAN I. MISS BLAISE - BUT I CANNOT THINK WHY WHEN I COMPARE YOUR ACHIEVEMENTS WITH MY OWN

IT HAS ALWAYS ANNOYED ME, SO I AM VERY GLAD THAT TON BKT. BEFORE YOU -AH- LEAVE US, I CAN SHOW YOU A CLASS C OPERATION THAT ONLY HERR BLIKE COULD CONCEIVE AND EXECUTE

FIRST, WE HAVE OUR BAGS HERE, ESTABLISHED SEVERAL WEEKS AGO...

KEEPING US ALIVE SO WE CAN SHOW OFF - THE RUDDY KIT

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

WE ARE ABOUT TO MOVE INTO POSITION NOW - GRIDOUX, YOU WILL TAKE CHARGE OF BLAISE AND GARVIN

VERY GOOD, HERR BLIKE... FOR THAT I WILL HAVE AN AUTOMATIC CARBINE

S JULES EQUIPPED?

JUST FINISHED, HERR BLIKE

IN THE FAINT POOL OF LIGHT FROM THE CAVE MOUTH, A HUGE MIS-SHAPEN SHADOW FALLS ACROSS THE GROUND

BLIMEY...!

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

THAT'S S JULES... MY MAGNIFIED MAN WHO WILL CARRY THE BULLION AWAY!

THE EXO-SKELETON MULTIPLIES THE POWER OF EVERY MUSCLE MOVEMENT TWENTY TIMES

MANIPULATOR AND DEPIPLATOR IN ONE... YOU'VE BEEN DOING A BIT OF INDUSTRIAL ESPIONAGE AROUND THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY RESEARCH LABS IN THE STATES, HATEY

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

NO... ONLY THE DESIGN, AND THAT'S BEEN IMPROVED BY THE PORTABLE POWER PACK

HAG BLIKE STOLEN THAT WHOLE CONTRAPTION?

IT'S SOME MACHINE - NO TRICKY CONTROLS, THE EXO-SKELETON JUST MAGNIFIES WHATEVER THE BLOCK WEARING IT DOES

YOU WILL SEE FOR YOURSELF SOON, MISS BLAISE... I AM TAKING YOU TO A GOOD VANTAGE POINT

NOW MOVE!

MODESTY BLAISE

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

ON A HEIGHT
OVERLOOKING
THE RAILWAY.



NOW... YOU SIT
DOWN, YOU STAY
APART, YOU DON'T
MOVE - OR I
SHOOT

THIS ONE'S
GOT THE
PROFESSIONAL
TOUCH...



KNOWS HIS
JOB - NOT GOING
TO GIVE ANY
OPENING

IN THE VALLEY BELOW, HERR
BLIKE MAKES HIS FINAL
PREPARATIONS



MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

I CAN 'BAR
THE TRAIN
COMING...



GIVE US A RUNNING
COMMENTARY, GRIDOUX
- WE'D LIKE TO KNOW
HOW IT ALL WORKS



YOU WILL DIE
HAPPIER,
PERHAPS?
VERY WELL...

...THE ARMOUR'D WAGON IS
AT THE END OF THE TRAIN,
AND A RADIO BEAM WILL
PETRONATE THE SMALL
EXPLOSIVE DEVICE THAT WAS
FIXED TO THE COUPLING
IN MARSEILLES.

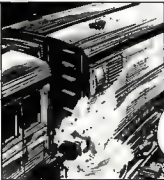


MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

AS THE TRAIN MOVES
TOWARDS THE CLIPPING
UP-GRADE BEFORE
THE BRIDGE...

NOW!



ONLY A FEW ARE WITH THE
BULLION... THE REST WILL BE
ACROSS THE BRIDGE BEFORE
THE TRAIN CAN STOP -
AND THE BRIDGE
IS MINED FOR
DESTRUCTION!



COUPLING'S
GONE AND THE
BULLION WAGON'S
OUT OFF - BUT
THERE'S STILL
THE GUARDS

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

THE TRAIN PASSES
OVER THE BRIDGE...
BUT THE WAGON WITH
THE BULLION IS FAR
BEHIND...



STOP!
EMERGENCY...!



THEY WILL BE
CLEAR OF THE
BRIDGE...
NOW!

AND THERE IS
NO WAY BACK
FOR TEN
MILES...



MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

THE CAREFULLY PLACED
EXPLOSIVES BRING THE BRIDGE
DOWN AFTER THE TRAIN HAS
PASSED



SO YOU'VE ISOLATED
THE WAGON WITH THE
BULLION, GRIDOUX...

BUT IT'S STILL FULL OF
GUARDS

AN ARMOUR-
PIERCING
SAS GUN
WILL TAKE CARE
OF THEM -
HERR BLIKE HAS
TESTED EVERY
DETAIL OF HIS
PLAN



AS THE BULLION WAGON
ROLLS GENTLY
TO A HALT AT
THE FOOT OF
THE GRADIENT...



MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

GAS FILLS THE SULLY WAGON...



THERE THEY GO...

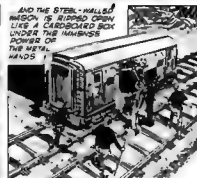


TEAR IT OPEN, JULES—THE REST OF YOU STAND BY TO SECURE THE GUARDS

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

THE MASHIFIED MAN SIGNS TO WORK...



AND THE STEEL-WALLED WAGON IS BURST OPEN LIKE A CARDBOARD BOX UNDER THE IMMENSE POWER OF THE METAL HANDS



VERY SPECTACULAR—BUT HOW DOES JULIE GET AWAY WITH THE GOLD? THIS PLACE WILL BE SWARMING WITH SECURITY PEOPLE IN LESS THAN TWO HOURS

ALL IS ARRANGED...

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL



THE GUARDS ON THE FORWARD PART OF THE TRAIN HAVE RADIO CONTACT WITH VAUBOIS—YOU CAN JAM IT, BUT HE'LL STILL REACT

NO HE WILL... HESITATE... BECAUSE WE HAVE JAMMED IT BRIEFLY A DOZEN TIMES ALREADY



WHEN HE DOES ACT, IT WILL TAKE MANY HOURS TO CORDON THESE MOUNTAINS, BUT WE SHALL BE GONE DISPERSED IN THIRTY MINUTES!



CARRYING TWO TON OF GOLD IN YOUR POCKETS?

NO... THE GOLD WILL REMAIN HERE

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL



THE MASHIFIED MAN LIFTS OUT THE INSOLES OF GOLD ON A STEEL NET



AND ABOVE THE VALLEY...

IN JULIE'S CAVE IS A POT HOLE THIRTY METERS DEEP... THE GOLD WILL BE SAFELY HIDDEN ON THE BED OF THE STREAM THAT FLOWS BELOW—TO BE RECOVERED AT LEAST AFTER A YEAR OR TWO



THE EXO-SKELETON OF THE MASHIFIED MAN MUST NOT BE FOUND SO THAT WE'LL BE THERE ALSO... AND SO WILL YOU!

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL



IN THE LITTLE VILLAGE, A HORRIFIED TARRANT RINGS VAUBOIS AT HIS H.Q.

RENE? LISTEN—YES, I KNOW YOU'RE BUSY BUT LISTEN!



MODESTY AND JULIE? GUESS DU LOUP! AHH...

NO, NEVER MIND THE DATA IS—OUR RADIO LINK IS JAMMED BUT YOU'VE GIVEN US WHAT WE NEED—IT'S 90 YEARS IN NINETY MINUTES BY HELICOPTER



NINETY MINUTES! CAN'T YOU ORDER IN SOME LOCAL MEN?

I SHALL, GERALD BUT I DOUBT IF THEY CAN GET THERE BEFORE US—THE TERRAIN IS AGAINST THEM

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

THE MAMMIFIED MAN LIFTS THE STEEL NET FILLED WITH GOLD INGOTS



A KILOMETRES TO THE CAVE, AND YOUR WORK IS FINISHED, JULES - YOU ARE NOT TIRING?



NO, HERR BLIKE... I HAVE PRACTICED MANY NIGHTS WITH BLOH A LOAD

ON THE HEIGHT OVERLOOKING THE VALLEY...



GET UP - IT'S TIME TO GO

ONCE WE'RE BACK AT THE CAVE, WE'RE DEAD...

IT'S GOT TO BE NOW - HAVE TO MAKE A CHANCE OUT OF NOTHING

MODESTY BLAISE

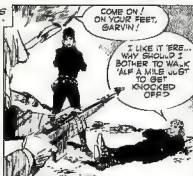
by PETER O'DONNELL

AS MODESTY RISES SHE MUTTERS SOFTLY TO WILLIE IN ARABIC...

ON YOUR BACK - PLAY STUBBORN - THEN JUMP HIM WHEN I DRAW HIS FIRE



STOP TALKING!



COME ON! ON YOUR FEET, GARVIN!

I LIKE IT 'ERE... WHY SHOULD I BOTHER TO WALK 'ALF A MILE JUST TO GET KNOCKED OFF?



BECAUSE IF I HAVE TO SHOOT YOU HERE, I'LL DO IT SO YOU DIE SLOWLY - YOU'VE GOT FIVE SECONDS TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND

WITHOUT HASTE, MODESTY TURNS AND BEGINS TO WALK QUIETLY AWAY

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

WILLIE LIES FLAT ON HIS BACK... AND MODESTY WALKS AWAY, SPLITTING GRIDDOUX'S TARGET

STAND STILL BLAISE! I'M WAITING FOR GARVIN TO DECIDE WHERE HE WANTS TO DIE...



STOP - OR I SHOOT!

NOW WILLIE - FAST!



MODESTY DARTS FORWARD, DUCKING AND SWEEVING - AND A SHOULDER-SPRING BRINGS WILLIE TO HIS FEET

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

GRIDDOUX CAN FIRE A SECOND SHOT - A FLYING HEADBUTT



MODESTY TURNS, RUNNING HARD

THE GUN, WILLIE!



CAN'T...!

UHH!

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

AS GRIDDOUX SNATCHES UP THE CARBINE, MODESTY'S FEET CLAMP IN A SCISSOR LOCK ABOUT HIS NECK



AND A FIERCE LATERAL TWIST OF THE BODY SENDS GRIDDOUX CART-WHEELING THROUGH THE AIR

AAGH!



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, WILLIE LOVE?

PRINCESS... I'VE NEVER BEEN APPER WITH A THICK BAR N ME LIFE!

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL



AS BLAKE AND HIS GANG FOLLOW THE MAGNIFICENT MAN UP THE TRAIL...



ON THE HIGH CLIFF...



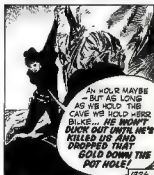
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MODESTY BLAISE

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MODESTY AND WILLIE FREE EACH OTHER FROM THE ROPES



1326

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL



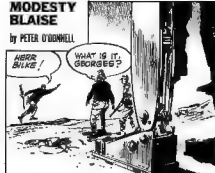
IN THE MAIN CAVE...



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MODESTY BLAISE

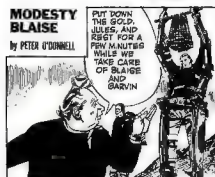
by PETER O'DONNELL



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MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL



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MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

GRENADSES — NO GOOD FOR LONG RANGE, BUT BETTER THAN NOTHING



MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

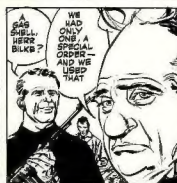
AS THE SOUND OF THE GRENADE DIES AWAY...



MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

HERR BLIKE AND HIS MEN PULL WELL BACK FROM THE CAVE...



MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

THE MAGNIFIED MAN COULD THROW A GRENADE THIS FAR, EASILY — BUT HE CAN'T PULL THE PIN WITH THOSE STEEL HANDS



MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

THEY'VE GOT JULES DOING SOMETHING...



MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

A S THE DUST SETTLES...

THEY'RE USING THE MAGNIFIED MAN TO BOMB US OUT WITH RUDDY GREAT ROCKS.



YOU URT, PRINCESS?



JUST A SPLINTER OF ROCK CAUGHT MY CHEEK—BUT WE CAN'T HOLD THE CAVE-MOUTH LONGER AGAINST THIS. AND IF WE FALL BACK INSIDE THEY'LL RUSH US.

AGAIN, JULIE!



MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

NEAR MISS, PRINCESS...



THIRTY SECONDS LATER, ANOTHER ENTERS CLEANLY...AND SHATTERS TO SEND GIANT SPLINTERS FLYING LIKE SHRAPNEL.



HAVE TO GET OUT AND TAKE OUR CHANCES IN A RUNNING FIGHT, WILLIE.



LET'S TRY SOMETHING FIRST—I'VE JUST HAD THE BEST IDEA SINCE THE SPRUNG MATTRESS.

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

THE MAGNIFIED MAN KEEPS UP THE SLOW, RELENTLESS BARRAGE...



COME 'ERE, YOU LITTLE BEAUTY



LET'S AVE A GRENADE, PRINCESS



THE CESTA...! WILLIE LOVE, YOU'RE MY IDEA OF THE THINKING MAN

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

PULL THE PIN FOR ME PLEASE, PRINCESS



FIVE-SECOND FUSE—YOU'LL GET OVERHEAD BLAST WITH LUCK

AS JULIE LIFTS ANOTHER ROCK...



WHAT? THERE'S ONE OF THEM WITH A CESTA!

OPEN FIRE!



WILLIE TOSSES UP THE GRENADE

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

THE GRENADE IS HURLED WITH ALL THE ADDED POWER GIVEN BY THE CESTA



TWO SECONDS... THREE... GRENADE DOWN!



FOUR SECONDS...



BILKE AND HIS MEN DROP BUT THE GREAT STEEL FRAME HOLDS JULIE UPRIGHT

UHH!

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

IT'S THE VICIOUS PATTERN OF SHRAPNEL DIES AWAY...

FIRE AT THE CAVE! STOP HIM THROWING ANOTHER GRENADE!



JULES—?

HE... HE'S DEAD, HERR BLAISE!



RECKON THEY'LL TRY A RUSH WITH COVERING FIRE NOW, PRINCESS?

I HOPE SO — YOU CAN REACH THEM WITH A ROUND-ARM THROW FROM INSIDE IF THEY DO

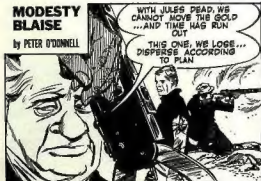


MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

WITH JULES DEAD, WE CANNOT MOVE THE GUN... AND TIME HAS RUN OUT

THIS ONE, WE LOSE... DISPERSE ACCORDING TO PLAN



TWO MINUTES LATER...

CAN'T SEE ANY OF 'EM CBPT JULES

YOU MUST HAVE GOT HIM WITH THAT GRENADE, WILLIE... THEY'VE QUIT



T-ER-I WOULDN'T WANT BLIKE TO GET CLEAR... HE SET THE BUTCHERS ON DENISE

SURE, WILLIE — WE'LL HAVE A SHOT AT PICKING HIM UP



MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

MORE CHANCE OF FINDING BLIKE IF HE SPLIT, PRINCESS — I'LL TRY THE RIVER

ALL RIGHT, BUT DON'T DANGLE ON OPEN GROUND, WILLIE — THEY'VE STILL GOT GUNS



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER: A HELICOPTER CRUISES AT LOW ALTITUDE TOWARDS GURULE DU LOUP, CARRYING A DOZEN ARMED MEN

AM I MAN WITH A BICYCLE BELOW M'SIEU VAUROIS!

PICK HIM UP — AND IF HE PULLS OUT A GUN, SHOOT HIM

A LOUD WAHLER BLARES

PUT UP YOUR HANDS AND KEEP STILL! THIS IS THE POLICE!



THANK GOD FOR THAT... THIS MACHINE'S KILLING ME

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

GLAD TO SEE YOU, RENE — DON'T ASK ME WHAT'S HAPPENED, THAT'S WHAT I'M TRYING TO FIND OUT

GERALD!



SEVERAL MILES AWAY, WHERE A STEEP TRACK LEADS DOWN TO THE RIVER...

AMH, THERE'S BLIKE — AN' I'LL LAY THERE'S A BOAT MOORED BEHIND THE BUSHES



LIKE TO USE A BOMB ON 'IM... BUT I S'POSE MODESTY WOULD RATHER HAVE 'IM ALIVE FOR VAUROIS — BETTER USE THE SLING!

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

JUST NEED A GOOD SIGHT OF HIS HEAD FOR A SECOND...



WANT A HAND WITH THE BOAT, BLIKE?



AS HERR BLIKE'S HEAD COMES UP...

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

MODESTY CUTS ACROSS A STREET VALLEY TO LIE IN WAIT ON A TRACK LEADING SOUTH

HOPE WILLIE'S HUNCH WAS AS GOOD AS MINE...

AS MELLE REACHED THE TURN THERE COMES A SUDDEN BLUR OF MOVEMENT. THE CARBINE IS TORN FROM HIS HANDS, AND

UHH!

GO AHEAD AND TRY SOMETHING—I DON'T MIND WALKING BACK ALONE

GET ON, MELLE! WE'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST!

UHH!

GO AHEAD AND TRY SOMETHING—I DON'T MIND WALKING BACK ALONE

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

ALLO, PRINCESS... WOULD YOU JOIN ME?

I'D BE GLAD—THESE TWO AREN'T MUCH COMPANY

NO... BUT I'LL KICK MELLE FOR TRYING TO DENISE DIES

IF SHE'S HUNG ON THIS LONG, SHE OUGHT TO MAKE IT, WILLIE LOVE AND LOOK WHO'S HERE

ALLO, PRINCESS... WOULD YOU JOIN ME?

YOU DIDN'T FINISH BILKE OFF, THEN?

IF SHE'S HUNG ON THIS LONG, SHE OUGHT TO MAKE IT, WILLIE LOVE AND LOOK WHO'S HERE

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

IN THE VALLEY WE HAVE A WRECKED BULLY WAGON... AND HERE WE HAVE A MILLION POUNDS IN GOLD, A CONTRADICTION WITH A DEAD MAN, AND EVIDENCE OF MUCH FIGHTING

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IT SUGGESTS AN UNUSUAL NIGHT'S WORK, GERALD... BUT WHERE ARE MODESTY AND WILLIE?

THEY'VE BEEN HUNTING BY THE LOOK OF IT—AND GOT QUITE A DECENT BAG

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MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

WHY THE DEVIL DIDN'T YOU CALL ME ON THAT RADIO, MODESTY? I WAS WORRIED TO DEATH THAT BILKE HAD NAILED YOU!

HE HAD, SIR GERALD

BUT IT ALL WORKED OUT

TWO DAYS LATER, IN ST JEAN DE LUZ, DENISE IS ALLOWED VISITORS

HE HAD, SIR GERALD

BUT IT ALL WORKED OUT

TWO DAYS LATER, IN ST JEAN DE LUZ, DENISE IS ALLOWED VISITORS

MODESTY BLAISE

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YES... HE'S ACTUALLY FEELING AWKWARD OF HIMSELF, AND THAT'S ANGRY AS FAR AS I KNOW

YES... HE'S ACTUALLY FEELING AWKWARD OF HIMSELF, AND THAT'S ANGRY AS FAR AS I KNOW

BLIMEY I'M SORRY I BLEW YOUR COVER WITH THAT JOB, DENISE—I OUGHT TO BE SHOT...

ON, THAT IS MUCH TOO GOOD, WILLIE...

YOU MUST BE MODESTY... IS THAT WILLIE BEHIND THE FLOWERS?

ON, THAT IS MUCH TOO GOOD, WILLIE...

LISTEN... IN JUST A FEW WEEKS I WILL BE CONVALESCENT, AND THEN I WILL PAY YOU BACK—SO YOU HAD BETTER STAY AROUND, YOU BIG UGLY COCKNEY-MAN...